

THE AVE MARIA

DEVOTED TO THE HONOR
OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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FOREIGN

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CONTENTS

The Holy War.—(Poem).....	Edward Benlowes.....	65
St. Vincent de Paul, War-Worker.....	Henry Somerville.....	65
Under the Silver Box.—(Continued).....	Alice Dease.....	69
The Child is Lost.—(Poem).....	M. Woellwarth.....	72
Incidents and Anniversaries.—(Continued).....	The Rev. T. J. Brennan, S. T. L.....	74
Dr. Lynton's Wife.....	Mary Cross.....	78
Some Heroes and Heroines.....	Nora Ryeman.....	81
The Ministry of Kindness.....		83
Notes and Remarks:		
A Check to the Pernicious Activities of "Roman Correspondents."—Highly Important and Particularly Timely.—		
An Appeal to the Catholic People of America.—The Late Dr. Washington Gladden.—In Reply to Attacks on		
the Pope.—Of Interest to All Anglicans.—Refutation of a False and Barefaced Accusation.—Candid but not		
Surprising.—Well Done.—Cardinal Sabastiano Martinelli.—By No Means Extinct.—On the Subject of Spirit-		
ism.—Significant Regulations.....		84

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

A Lazy Boy's Vacation.—(Poem).....	***.....	88
Melanie's Godmother.—(Conclusion).....	Sylvia Hunting.....	88
When God Helps, All Goes Well.—(Continued).....		92
The Duke of Wellington to the Boys of Eton College.....		94
With Authors and Publishers.....		95
Obituary.....		96

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 20.—St. Jerome Æmilian, C. St.
Margaret, V. M.
SUNDAY, 21.—Ninth after Pentecost. St. Praxedes,
V.
MONDAY, 22.—St. Mary Magdalen.
TUESDAY, 23.—St. Apollinaris, B. M.

WEDNESDAY, 24.—St. Christina, V. M. Vigil.
THURSDAY, 25.—St. James the Greater, Ap. St.
Christopher, M.
FRIDAY, 26.—St. Anne.
SATURDAY, 27.—St. Pantaleon, M.

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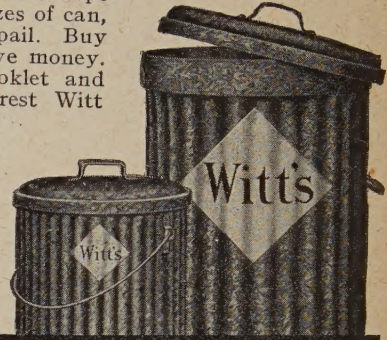
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. VIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 20, 1918.

NO. 3

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The Holy War.

BY EDWARD BENLOWES (1603-1676).¹

St. Vincent de Paul, War-Worker.

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE.

WHEN that great Generalissimo of all
Infernal janizaries² shall
His legions of temptations raise, enroll,
And muster against thee, my Soul;
And ranks of pleasures, profits, honors, bring
To give a charge on the right wing;
And place his dreadful troops of deadly sins
Upon the left with murdering gins;³
And draw to his main body thousand lusts
And (for reserve, wherein he trusts)
Shall specious sanctity's brigade provide,
Whose leader is Spiritual Pride;
And having treacherously laid his trains
In ambush, under hope of gains,
By sinnings (as so many scouts) to find
Each march and posture of the mind,—
Then, Soul, sound an alarm to Faith, and
press

Thy zeal to be in readiness,
And levy all thy faculties to serve
Thy Chief. Take Prayer for thy reserve;
Thy watchword be "Emmanuel!" Then set
Strong parties of thy Tears; and let
Them still to sally forth prepared stand
And but expect the Soul's command,
Waiting until a blest Recruit from High
Be sent with Grace's free supply.
Thus, where the Lord of Hosts the van leads,
there
Triumphing palms bring up the rear.

¹ Transcribed for THE AVE MARIA.

² An unruly but extremely powerful faction in the Turkish army; here applied to the fallen angels and their leader.

³ Engines of war.

HERE are few lives so well
worth studying as that of St.
Vincent de Paul. He has
been called the first of
modern saints; and certainly the feats of
organization performed by this lowly
priest of seventeenth-century France are
of a magnitude that we have come to
regard as peculiar to the late nineteenth
and the twentieth centuries. A recent
biographer, apparently a Protestant, says
of St. Vincent:

"He was born in the sixteenth century, and, by a combination of inspiration and experience, he arrived at conclusions which are regarded as discoveries of the twentieth. He dealt almost single-handed with problems of destitution involving many thousands of lives, and devised for some of the evils of social life remedies which are still in use. Of the diseases that harass and discourage the benevolent there were very few that did not come under his eye; for the whole field of social service lay open before him. He realized and met the need for the teaching and tending of the young, the nursing of the sick, the aiding of the prisoner, and passed on to the more difficult enterprises that concern the fallen and the wastrel. In his old age a grateful nation hailed him as 'Father of his Country.'"

These are days when we hear much of "charity organization" and of training for social workers. Whirlwind campaigns

raise millions for relief purposes. Before the entry of the United States into the war, the American Committee for the Relief of Belgium won the admiration of the world by what it did in transporting food and other necessities for distribution in that desolated, famine-threatened country. More recently, the American Red Cross has done, and is doing, most admirable work for the civilian population in France by combating such diseases as tuberculosis with all the resources of sanitary science. These are very modern things, but they were anticipated by St. Vincent, not in a mere embryo manner, but on a scale which compares favorably with the largest contemporary undertakings, when we remember the difference between the populations of the countries in his days and in ours.

St. Vincent was an old and experienced social worker before his war labors began. He had founded his Orders of the Sisters of Charity and the Priests of the Mission, as well as the aristocratic lay body known as the Ladies of Charity. Moreover, he had formed associations of charity, efficient organizations of layfolk, for men and for women, in numerous parishes throughout France.

In 1633, when St. Vincent was fifty-seven years old, France was invaded by the Austrians. There was as little humanity in military policy in those days as there is now. In some respects we have the advantage; for modern armies are not composed of hired mercenaries who look upon opportunities for pillage as a regular part of their pay. In the seventeenth century as in the twentieth, it was a recognized principle to destroy any supplies that might aid the enemy; and so both Austrians and French would ruin a harvest, cut down fruit trees, and lay waste whole districts, as military exigencies or blind passion dictated. As a consequence of the war, famine raged in Lorraine and other frontier provinces for close upon twenty years; and famine bred a worse horror in pestilence. Corpses

putrefied in the streets, where the dying lay side by side with the dead. It seems that from 1633 to 1640 the only relief sent to Lorraine was in the form of money. It was thought that the distress could not last, and that it might be relieved by local effort, with only financial assistance from outside.

After 1640 the real nature of the problem became more apparent, and relief was increased and systematized. A definite sum of money was sent monthly to particular towns—Verdun, Nancy, Metz, (How well we know those names to-day!) St. Vincent's relief fund amounted to over twelve million livres. I doubt whether even the American Red Cross or the Liberty Loan campaigners have any money-raising "stunts" that would have seemed new to St. Vincent. The Ladies of Charity, the social élite of Paris, were his chief contributors and collectors. The Queen Regent gave the Saint all her money, and then sent him her jewels. The Ladies of Charity sold the jewels, which fetched eighteen thousand livres.

But, as Bishop Bougaud, a French biographer of the Saint, remarks, there were others who had more money than the Queen: there was the public. The press was not so developed a power in 1650 as it is in 1918; but St. Vincent saw what it could do for him, so he started a paper called the *Magazine of Charity*. He had his special correspondents on the ground, in the war-devastated areas. These correspondents were the Priests of the Mission, laboring on the battlefield and in the plague-stricken cities, and they sent to St. Vincent in Paris accounts of the scenes of suffering around them. St. Vincent printed these letters in his magazine, which was distributed at the church doors. They were read with such eagerness that the printers could not supply the demands of readers. The publicity given to the needs of the invaded provinces and the relief work of the Vincentian priests and nuns stimulated generosity, and money poured in to St. Vincent.

As I have already said, the Ladies of Charity were the chief collectors of funds for St. Vincent. The transportation of food and other relief supplies to the devastated districts was the work of the Priests of the Mission. The distribution of the relief was the work of these same priests and of the Sisters of Charity. By both priests and Sisters miracles of heroism were performed day by day as they strove at their mission of charity. Many died at their posts, victims of overwork and pestilence.

Of a certain Sister Mary Joseph, St. Vincent himself writes: "Some time ago a Sister on the point of death, seeing a poor person in need of being bled, rose from her deathbed to give assistance, and then died of the effort." Of a priest, Father David, the saint observes: "Providence has called to Himself Father David, of whom it may be said 'in a short time *explevit tempora multa*.' He was only ten or fifteen days assisting the poor and sick of Etampes when he fell a victim to his heroic work. Father Deschamps, who was with him, says that an angel from heaven could not do more for the afflicted people, in hearing confessions, teaching catechism and burying the dead." Again, of a Father Montevit, who died at Bar-le-Duc, St. Vincent quotes the record of a brother priest: "He died as I hope and pray that I may die. Great honor was shown to his remains, but perhaps the greatest tribute was a crowd of six or seven hundred poor people who followed them, torch in hand, to the grave. It was a debt of gratitude they owed him; for it was while relieving their misery that he contracted the malady which took away his life."

St. Vincent's plan of campaign for relief was to place ten or fifteen mission priests in different places. To these he sent visitors, who reported back to him the state of a district, so that relief could be given according to need. He would similarly send small companies of Sisters of Charity where the need (and therefore the danger) was greatest; and those who died at the work he praised for dying "sword in

hand," as he expressed it. There were four points in his programme of relief. The first was to feed those who were starving. Soup dinners were instituted. St. Vincent gives directions for making the soup: 'To feed a hundred poor, a large vessel was to be procured, containing five cans of water, in which were to be cut up twenty-five pounds of bread, two pounds of dripping (or of butter on days of abstinence), four pints of peas or other vegetables, and the whole cooked and distributed among the poor according to their necessity.'

The next point was to bury the dead bodies, which were sources of infection. A company of men, with mission priests at their head, were formed for this work,—very necessary and, in the circumstances, very terrible. The streets and the fields were strewn with the corpses of men and horses. At Etampes the missionaries cleared the streets of heaps of dead bodies, and afterwards disinfected the houses to make them fit for habitation. Five priests and five Sisters died at Etampes, victims of their efforts to stamp out infection. The Ladies of Charity were once assembled in Paris by St. Vincent, who told them he wanted funds to buy pickaxes and spades as the prime necessity in his relief work.

After soup kitchens and sanitation, St. Vincent thought of food production. He procured seed for the land. "In 1650, within two months," says his biographer, Bishop Bougaud, "he sent twenty thousand livres' worth of seed. The next year he spent almost forty thousand livres on the same object, experience having shown him it was the best form of charity."

Lastly, St. Vincent made provision in Paris for the refugees from the invaded provinces. From St. Quentin came five hundred children under the age of seven; and from Bethune and Berry as many more. The names of these places have been made familiar to us by the present German offensive. Familiar also have become the needs he encountered and the methods he used. England and Holland have had to

receive Belgian refugees as St. Vincent received those from Picardy and Champagne. The American Red Cross, the American Committee for Relief in Belgium, and the Food Controller, have had those tasks of sanitation, of food supply, and food production which were undertaken by the armies of charity enlisted and commanded by St. Vincent.

The enlistment of those armies—the Priests of the Mission, the Sisters of Charity, the Ladies of Charity and the Associations of Charity—is a story in itself. They were not raised with a view to war work, but for the ordinary social needs that are ever present even in times of peace. Their utilization for meeting the more pressing problems that a state of war produced was a providential event. The hand of Providence is very plainly seen in all the works of St. Vincent. No man was ever more prudent, more painstaking, more gifted with those human qualities that go to make the born organizer. Yet, in the beginning of all his great works, it is true to say that St. Vincent did not know what he was doing. He always builded immensely better than he knew. His works grew on his hands, and their outcome amazed his simple humility. Historians dispute among themselves whether St. Vincent or Madame le Gras was the founder of the Sisters of Charity. "O God," says St. Vincent himself, "how can it be said that I founded the Sisters of Charity? I did not even think of it, nor did Madame le Gras."

As a matter of fact, it was not only with regard to the Sisters of Charity that the result was entirely different from, and more glorious than, the design: the same can be said of the foundation of the Priests of the Mission and the Association of Charity, the beginning of the seminary system, the establishment of the famous Hôtel Dieu, and other of St. Vincent's chief works. Though he neglected none of the natural means to secure success, the results were not due to deliberate planning and forethought. He was humbly striving to provide an immediate remedy for a local

need, but what came into being were institutions that spread over the whole Catholic world and which have lasted from that day to this. St. Vincent himself drew the moral from the phenomena: "It was what God willed. Can you call human what no man ever thought of?"

In the period after the Thirty Years' War and after the Civil War of the Fronde, the social conditions of France became indescribably horrible. At the end of the Fronde, St. Vincent was seventy-six years of age, and he lived only eight years more; but during those eight years his works were more fruitful than they had ever been before. When all seemed in ruins, his heart was still undaunted. Bishop Bougaud speaks of this "reconstruction" period: "The misery he had labored to minimize had increased. Never were there so many outcast children on the streets, and no money to maintain them. Never were there so many young girls without education, without religious instructions, or means of livelihood, and no shelter to receive and protect them. The licentiousness of the war and the Fronde had increased the number of these wretched beings; it had made them sinners, and now there was no retreat in which to do penance. The streets were crowded with beggars, some truly poor,—nay, dying of hunger; others only feigning wretchedness; but extorting money by threats. In Paris alone there were forty-five thousand of these beggars, and the environs were practically uninhabitable."

The lay Associations of Charity, especially those for men, had suffered sadly in the war. The members were divided by party rancors which were fatal to the spirit of charity. But there was a restoration of solidarity after the war, and the religious Orders of the Sisters of Charity and the Priests of the Mission reaped a wonderful harvest of vocations; while new religious Congregations on the model of the Sisters of Charity sprung up all over France. The problem of mendicancy in Paris was solved by the opening of the General

Hospital, which gave the beggars the choice between entering the Hospital or supporting themselves by honest work outside. The result was that the number of beggars fell from 45,000 to 5000.

It is to be expected that in the period of reconstruction after this war our social workers will find their resources, moral and material, taxed to the utmost, if widespread degeneration is to be averted. To Catholic workers it will be an encouragement, not only to pray to St. Vincent de Paul who, above all other saints, has been given by the Church the unique title of Patron of Charitable Associations throughout the Catholic world, but also to read his Life, and to become acquainted with his achievements and his methods. The twentieth century has much to learn from the great organizer of charitable works of the seventeenth.

Under the Silver Box.

BY ALICE DEASE.

III.

JIM FREVILLE had little welcome for the rock of Gibraltar when he saw it rising up out of the sea. He was tired of the narrow quarters, hemmed in between the water and the cliff, where his regimental duties were not over-arduous, and often left time hanging heavily on his hands. Following the little pack of hounds that hunts the borderland of Spain, and an occasional day's shooting in the mountains that lie northward towards Ronda, were pleasant pastimes in their seasons; but when they were not available the usual round of garrison gaieties did not appeal to Jim,—and, some weeks after his return from England, he was not sorry to be able to accept an invitation from the Colonel's wife to be one of a party who were going over to Tangier to see the festivities with which the Mussulmans celebrate the feast that is their Pasch, or Easter.

Colonel Frewen was a man who had had

the not very usual experience of having been twice quartered in the same place. The first time he had been at Gibraltar as senior subaltern of a regiment, from which he was shortly transferred to the one he afterwards commanded; and he had on the first occasion married the daughter of the English Consul at Tangier. So it was in some sort as one going home that Mrs. Frewen crossed the narrow band of water that separates Spain from Africa, at the point where Western civilization is the nearest to real Orientalism.

Tangier is said to be the most eastern of the westerly parts of Africa,—and the absolutely new and strange aspect of the place is impressed on the visitor even before he lands. The buildings are a blue-white, dazzling in the sunshine; and the flat roofs of the dwellings make them appear as though without roofs at all. A spotless-looking town, it appears from the bay; but the illusion is quickly dispelled by the first sight and smell of the narrow streets; and the hotel was a not unwelcome refuge after the festivities in which the natives were, as usual, indulging outside.

All night long, at intervals, the discordant sounds of so-called musical instruments, with singing and dancing outside the windows, broke in on Jim Freville's usually dreamless slumbers; and he was not sorry when the streaming sunlight told him that day had come again. It was the feast of St. Patrick; and, though he knew it was not a day of obligation except in Ireland, he kept up the practice of his boyhood; and went out, long before the others had made their appearance, in search of the church, where he learned there was to be a seven-o'clock Mass.

The missionary charge of northeasterly Africa is in the hands of the Franciscans; and, after retracing his steps to the head of the pier, and then turning upwards through the town, past the central mosque, where devout Mohammedans were already washing and baring their feet in preparation for prayer, Jim found the church, which

might have been a piece of Italy set down on Oriental soil. The altars were decorated with the draped statues, artificial flowers, and (to the Northern idea) tawdry ornamentation beloved alike of Spain and Italy. The body of the church was bare of benches, but covered with matting; and as each worshipper came in, he or she picked up a cane-bottomed chair, which could be carried at will and set down anywhere its possessor liked.

Jim chose a place with a pillar at his back; and, having knelt for a moment, he looked around him, from the still empty sanctuary, to the nave, that was gradually filling with a curiously cosmopolitan crowd. There were a few native converts, and many whose faces told of the wonderful admixture of blood,—*rastaquere*, offspring of the half-breeds of many nations, with which Tangier is overrun. Spanish blood and customs showed in the greater number; but even those women whose faces were shaded by the thin black veil or the heavy lace mantilla of the Peninsula were not all full daughters of sunny Spain.

Some showed the blood of that country's racial enemies, the Moors; but the one that caught and held Jim Freville's eyes told of a Northern mixture with Spanish blood. The girl was quite young, with the clear, pale skin of the South, and its supple grace of movement. But the soft hair that escaped the rich lace of the mantilla was brown instead of black; and the sun, creeping through the roof windows of the church, glinted on the golden sheen of it. The finely cut features were almost purely Andalusian; but the long, dark lashes shaded eyes that, to the Irishman's amazement, were undeniably of his own country. The magnetism of his wondering look had turned them in his direction for an instant—but only for an instant. Then the sacristan's bell sent out its warning tinkle; and the thought of fellow-worshippers, however attractive, had perforce to be put away.

When Mass was over, Jim lingered to

catch another glimpse of the stranger who had roused his interest; and, to his surprise, he saw that she was alone. He knew that no well-born Spanish girl goes even to church without an attendant; and the idea that his Irish-Andalusian could already, in spite of her youth, be a married woman was strangely unwelcome. In the crowd round the door, her head, unconsciously held high, was easily discernible; and, as she crossed the threshold, the reason of her apparent solitariness was explained. From off the sunny doorstep a claret-colored, red-sashed figure rose, from a squatting position, to its feet, and joined her as she reached the steps. There Jim lost sight of the mantilla his eyes had followed so far. But presently, as he glanced down the street, the white turban bound around a red fez, that marked a married man amongst the Moslems, showed him for a moment the direction that the two were taking,—the same as he himself would take so soon as the crowd made way for him to pass.

From the fact of being thus attended by a native servant it was evident that the girl was a daughter of a resident of Tangier. Jim was thinking more of this than of his surroundings as he at last succeeded in reaching the street. The excitement of the coming ceremonials had already seized upon the Moslem population; and the sheep that had begun to be slaughtered before the doors of the followers of the prophet made the road difficult, and in places disgusting, to pass. Despite the blood-stained hands and clothes of those who on this day turn butchers, the hustling throng was good-humored enough, and had no thought to spare from their own concerns for strangers.

Jim had almost regained his hotel before he realized that he was forming part of a procession which was pressing onwards with a definite object in view. It was only when a turn in the narrow street brought him to the meeting of four ways, and he heard the ear-rending sounds of native music, with howls and cries from a rapidly

approaching crowd, that he saw how he had been caught up in the stream of Moslem devotees. In the comparatively open space of the juncture of the streets the advancing rabble paused, swaying round and round, with something evidently in the centre of the excited throng.

What this something was Jim Freville could not at first make out. He could not see over the heads of those surrounding him; but after a moment he caught sight of a mud-plastered, wild-eyed figure, with beard and ringlets flying, stripped to the waist, with blood stains on the brown of the naked skin; and, from its contortions and the frenzy on its face, he guessed he had come across a dancing dervish and his followers.

Just as Jim realized what it was that had stopped his progress, his eyes fell on a face in the dusky crowd that made him forget all else. It was the brown-haired girl with the mantilla, and once again she appeared to be alone. It was evident that she had been caught up, as he himself had been, by the hurrying, preoccupied throng; and her attendant had been separated from her as they were whirled along in the procession.

Now that they had come more or less to a standstill, the girl was vainly trying to make her way out of the crowd. Jim Freville knew that so long as all attention was taken up with the dervishes the girl would not be molested; but some mischievous half-breed whose religious feelings were nil might at any moment draw attention to the presence of a stranger. He remembered hearing of a case when a dervish in his frenzy had fallen on a European woman who had lingered in the crowd around him, and forced her to join in his mad antics.

The girl was pale, though she held her head high and fearlessly; yet Jim read, in the sudden look of relief that came over her face at the sight of one of her own color, that she had been more alarmed than her pride had let her show. It needed dexterity as well as strength to get even

across the little space that separated them, without attracting undue notice; and as he managed to edge himself near he thought with gratitude of the little French governess who in his boyhood had, much against his own inclination, made him familiar with the language of polite society in Europe. But at the first sound of his voice at her side, the girl turned to him and said in a low tone, in English, with scarcely a trace of foreign accent:

"Thank you! Yes, I do want to get away, but it is no use pushing or annoying them. They are so taken up with their dervish for the moment that they will not heed us if we can move out gently and by degrees. But" (lowering her voice still more) "it would not do to rouse them or remind them unnecessarily of our presence."

"Do you mind if I hold you?" asked Jim, as the swaying of the crowd pushed him roughly against her.

"Perhaps you had better, if you will," replied the girl, simply.

But as he put his arm about her waist, his hand met another stealing round from the other side,—a hand that he knew was brown and sinewy; and for an instant he realized how men of Southern nations feel when they stick their knife into another's breast. Yet he would not even look to see who it was that had dared to touch the girl: he felt he must keep his self-control and get her out of this multi-colored throng as soon as possible. He drew her to him, and not a moment too soon. As his arm went about her, the dervish was impelled to make a sudden dash along the street; and the crowd, parting as though by magic to let him pass, first nearly flattened Jim and his companion against the wall; and then it needed all his strength to keep them both from being whirled along *nolens volens* in his wake. For a breathless moment they stood with their eyes upon the retreating mass of humanity; then, turning to each other, they found themselves alone together in the suddenly deserted street.

Then the girl looked up at her companion.

"I must thank you," she said, "ever so much! My father will be grateful, too." She spoke correctly, but with an intonation that was attractively un-English. "He would be very angry at my being alone, but it was not the fault of poor Ahmed—ah, there he is!"

And before Jim had time to make any reply, the Arab whom he had seen outside the church came hurrying up the street.

"Allah be praised, and praised be his prophet!" he said in English to his young mistress. "The sefiorita is unharmed? Oh, that trash! It brings discredit on the followers of the prophet and danger upon the peaceful citizen."

He looked suspiciously at his sefiorita's companion, evidently wishing to get rid of him, as the crowd he called "trash" had been got rid of. But Jim remained impervious to, though not unconscious of, his unmistakable looks; though he understood from them that Ahmed had best be made a friend of at the outset.

"I am delighted to have been of some little service," he said to the girl, but with his eye still upon the dragoman. "It was most fortunate for me that the crowd which forced your dragoman away from your side pushed me along to take his place,—which I see he now has been able to reclaim."

On raising his hat, as though to leave her, he saw that he had gauged his man correctly. Had he followed his inclinations he would have made an enemy of the dragoman probably forever; therefore he gave up his desire to stay longer with the girl. He had succeeded in showing Ahmed that no blame was attached to him for what, after all, was a perfectly unforeseen occurrence; and also that he did not mean to press his company on the lady of the mantilla. Yet he could not bring himself to leave her without making some effort to discover where he could possibly see her again.

"Perhaps we may meet—" he began tentatively, but it needed no more than that to bring a scowl to the impassive Oriental face.

"Thank you! Yes, it is likely," replied the girl, frankly; "for I think we must be staying at the same hotel,—unless it is only the crowd that brought you up this street."

A passing camel for a moment intercepted the disapproving looks of Ahmed; and Jim, taking advantage, bent a moment towards the girl.

"Your dragoman thinks I ought to go," he said quickly; "and as we shall, I hope, meet again quite soon, I may as well keep in his favor."

He saw by the sudden flashing smile that his motives were understood; and, standing back to let her and her faithful attendant pass, he was satisfied that in acting with so much discretion he had done wisely. He was right in his surmise that Ahmed was an old and trusted retainer who could and would approve or disapprove of his young lady's acquaintance according to the ideas he himself formed of them; and for the future he thought it was wiser to have him for friend rather than foe.

(To be continued.)

The Child is Lost.

BY M. WOELLWARTH.

FIRST DAY.

THE whispering wind that wakes the dawn,
This day hath roused with trembling sighs;
Across the sky, the troubled clouds
Have rent the gay-hued veil they tossed;
The sun behind low hills suspent,
Dares but in darkened glory rise;
For He is lost! The Child is lost!

See, who comes here on questing feet?
Is this the Mother still and mild,
The tranquil Spouse, the Maid serene;
Stumbling by rugged path o'er-mossed;
By pilgrim road and wooded height;
Wan with despond, with anguish wild?
For He is lost! The Child is lost!

"Can this be sin?" she fearful asks,
Who knows not sin in life or dream,—
"To lose a Hostage, Heaven-lent.
Is, then, eternal purpose crossed?"

Can she have thwarted God's high will?
 Marred by her fault-~~et~~ernal scheme?
 For He is lost! The Child is lost!
 Saint Joseph scarce can match her pace,—
 Joseph who bears the humble pack.
 And when a little shoe slips out,
 Memories across his sad mind flash,
 Of happy days that earned its cost:
 "Nay, lag not, Father,—look not back!
 For He is lost! The Child is lost!"

Before her grief the veiled day
 Slips silent past; the night, unfurled,
 O'erclouds its brilliant orb'd array;
 And to the moon and starry host
 A pitying wind upbears the cry:
 "He was the Child of all the world,
 And He is lost! The Child is lost!"

SECOND DAY.

This is the noon, a second day;
 For still the weary hours go round.
 Yet time, she thought, would surely stand
 Till He were found.

The dusty road, the sunburnt track,
 The glittering haze, enthrall the eye;
 The air is still, and motionless
 The shadows lie.

But she is still, as one is still
 Whose heart stands framed in tears of ice.
 For those sweet years now passed away,
 Was this the price?

Breaths from her wordless sorrow blow
 Upon Saint Joseph at her side.
 He knows, alas! no words to melt
 That frozen tide.

Sometimes their anguished glances cross,
 Yet never speak they word at all;
 For pain that overleaps itself
 Doth dumbly fall.

THIRD DAY.

The sun has cleft a golden line
 Athwart the stately cypress trees,
 Whose swaying shadows fall and rise,
 With flickering light caught in between.
 Like snow-white birds before the breeze,
 The feathered clouds go skimming by.
 A lark, that heavenly clarion,
 Now pipes his fanfare clear and shrill;

And blossomed tree and trailing flower
 Their fragrance link from wall to wall;
 From olive grove upon the hill
 Come song and happy carolling.

But Mary heeds not. Silently
 She treads the stone-flagged Temple way.
 The deep voice of her heart is still,—
 Has spent itself to whispering;
 And, though she would, she can not pray,
 But enters wan the Temple in.

Upon her worn and fevered eyes,
 The shadowed spaces restful fall;
 The cool recess and vista dim.
 Through pillared arch and portico
 She sadly treads from hall to hall,
 Where but so late she trod with Him.

The light has spun from floor to roof,
 In glittering shafts, a golden stair,
 Where sparkling atoms glint and glance;
 As if bright rays from Heaven had blent
 With spirit dust of uttered prayer
 A shimmering path from sphere to sphere.

And now the sunshine floods her round
 Whose ear a wondrous voice has heard.
 Ah, see the happy Mother run,
 All tremulous with smile and tears;
 The radiant Handmaid of the Lord:
 "Oh, we have sought Thee, Son,—my Son!"

And as a rush of thoughts outpace
 An utterance of swiftest sound,
 So now her prayer and praises throng:
 "Oh, blessed hour! Now come what may!
 For He is found! The Child is found!"

.
 The gold translucent moon hangs low
 Her shining lamp; and silver clear
 Each separate star outvies to light
 The happy Travellers' homeward way;
 Like melody on heart and ear,
 Soft falls the silence of the night.

Oh, ecstasy of touch, to feel
 Once more His hand within her own!
 Yet yields the surging mother-love
 A glad precedence to her soul,
 That with uplifted voice has flown
 To praise her God in prayer and song.

Incidents and Anniversaries.

BY THE REV. T. J. BRENNAN, S. T. L.

JULY 14.—July 14, 1833, is set down by many writers as the birthday of the Oxford Movement. It was the day on which John Keble preached his famous sermon on national apostasy.

The Oxford Movement was simply an attempt on behalf of English Protestantism to be both Protestant and Catholic at the same time. Protestants felt that a national Church on an island in the Atlantic Ocean could not very well arrogate to itself the title of the Church of Jesus Christ. Yet they hated Rome; believed that the Pope was Antichrist; and they had a written constitution, known as the Thirty-Nine Articles, to curb their liberalizing tendencies. Up to this time, English Protestantism was good enough for them. They were so busy persecuting and denouncing Catholics, and fighting Catholic Emancipation, that it would never do to speak a good word of the Pope or the Papists, or to assume that Rome was anything but an unmitigated combination of errors and superstitions. Since, however, the Catholics had been allowed to sit, act, and vote in the British Parliament, it was no longer polite to assume that such a privilege would be granted to idolaters; and so they began to take back some of their previous utterances; to write learned works proving that, after all, Catholics were Protestants, and Protestants Catholics, and that the famous Thirty-Nine Articles could be understood in a Catholic sense. This is what is known as the Oxford Movement, because the principal battleground was Oxford University.

Needless to say, theological civil war was the result. The old-time Pope-haters rent their garments and called it blasphemy. They remembered the good old days when they destroyed Catholic churches and burned the Pope in effigy. Besides, the Irish were Catholics; and imagine belong-

ing to the same Church as rebels and moon lighters! The more moderate elements, however, contained all that was best in England. They saw that a Church that began in England and did not extend beyond it could not be the Church of Christ, nor the Church of the Apostles, nor Catholic. The result was not satisfactory to either party. The old-timers had to give up cursing the Pope and burning Popish churches, and to admit that Rome was not as black as she was painted. The new party found they could not make Catholicism and Protestantism mix. Many of them drifted into infidelity. The more logical and self-sacrificing, like Newman, Manning, and Faber, saw the whole truth and became Catholics. But the Oxford Movement set England thinking; and the thinking has exploded the old-time Protestant fables and prejudices, and led thousands into the Church.

July 15.—Though the life of nuns is generally a life of peace, and their training moulded according to this ideal, yet in the days of war they have been often called to the battlefield to bind up the wounds of the maimed and to minister by the couch of the dying. During our own Civil War they were familiar in the camp-hospitals; and their patience, endurance, and self-sacrifice often brought comfort and relief to the bedside of the dying. Especially prominent in this noble work were the Sisters of Mercy, who from the quietness of their convents passed cheerfully to the scenes of death and suffering, when bid to do so by those in authority. Their good work has lately been commemorated in Washington by a public monument; and from a speech in the House of Representatives by the Hon. Ambrose Kennedy, I quote the following testimony:

"On the 15th day of July, 1862, supported by the counsel of Archbishop Hughes, of New York, seven members of this Order embarked on the Government boat 'Catawba,' bound for Beaufort, N. C., under the care of Maj. Gen. Foster. On arriving at their destination, they entered

the Hammond General Hospital and immediately began the process of house-cleaning, so sorely needed to dispel the gloom that was everywhere apparent. So many hardships confronted them that two of their number died and others were stricken by illness. But they labored and persevered, and by diligent and patient application overcame the difficulties in their pathway. Not only did they nurse the patients, but they spoke words of consolation that comforted and cheered them, and averted the mental anxieties which soldiers are wont to feel concerning their friends and families at home."

After remaining a short time at Beaufort, a detachment of these Sisters were brought by Gen. Foster to take charge of a hospital at Newbern, where special cases needed attention. Here the Sisters were given possession of the headquarters of Gen. Burnside, which, during the War of the Revolution, had been occupied by Gen. Washington. These headquarters communicated with other houses which were used as hospitals; and in these institutions the Sisters nursed the wounded, maimed, and sick soldiers that were brought in from day to day.

Newbern, Vicksburg, Mississippi Springs, Oxford, Jackson, and Shelby Springs bear testimony to the silent devotion and quiet heroism of these women. Many a tribute has been paid them by soldiers of the Union and Confederate sides. After the war a number of Sisters of Mercy, travelling through the South, met Jefferson Davis, of the Confederacy, who noticed their garb as they boarded a train upon which he also was a passenger. He went from his place to the section of the car in which the Sisters were seated, and, addressing them, said:

"Will you allow me, ladies, to speak a moment with you? I am proud to see you once more. I can never forget your kindness to the sick and wounded in our darkest days, and I know not how to testify my gratitude and respect for every member of your noble Order."

July 16.—A Day of Grace.—Pius IX. was elected Pope on June 16, 1846. Those were troubled times in Italy. Revolutions and riots were frequent, and when Pius ascended the Throne of Peter, the Roman prisons were filled with the authors and abettors of these disturbances. The Temporal Power of the Popes had not yet been abolished, and the new Pontiff was a temporal as well as a spiritual sovereign. That he meant to rule benignly is proved by one of his first official acts—namely, a general amnesty. This amnesty was granted on July 16, and was thus announced by the Pope himself:

"During these days, when the public rejoicing on our exaltation to the pontificate touches us to the depths of our heart, we have not been able to refrain from grieving at the thought of so many families among our subjects debarred from sharing in the general joy because in their saddened homes they are made to bear a portion of the punishment incurred by some member of their household through offences committed against social order or the rights of the sovereign. The eye of our soul could not help looking with pity upon a multitude of inexperienced young men lured by dazzling prospects into political disturbances, and, to our mind, to be considered rather as the victims of seduction than its accomplices. Wherefore, since that thought first took possession of us, we have been considering whether we ought not to stretch forth a forgiving hand to our erring children, and offer peace to all who are ready to give proof of their sincere repentance. The love shown to us by our good subjects, and the many evidences of veneration they have given to the Holy See in our person, have convinced us that we can pardon with safety."

"When the tidings of this amnesty had flown all over Rome," says an eye-witness, "and its soothing language had been read, it seemed as though a ray of divine love had unexpectedly come down on the Eternal City. The Hosannas were endless; the Ninth Pius was hailed as a deliverer;

each citizen embraced his neighbor with brotherly affection; thousands of torches blazed forth at dark; and, as if all that is godlike in the heart of man, had, like a swollen river, overleaped its banks, the multitude rushed with one mighty impulse toward the palace of the Pontiff, called for him, knelt in their veneration before him, and received his benediction in reverent silence. No tongue is adequate to paint that feast of soul, nor do I seek descriptive language lest I should dishonor the sanctity of the occasion. Quick as thought the news of these outbursts of love and gratitude flew to the farthest confines of the State; the record of them, which is ill retained by the forgetful heart of man, was in many cases inscribed on marble."

July 17.—The sin of incest is defined as: "Sexual intercourse between persons who are legally prohibited from marrying because of their affinity or consanguinity." In the English civil law, such a prohibition existed until quite lately between a husband and his deceased wife's sister; the infliction of the punishment, however, being left to the ecclesiastical Court. We doubt if the modern Englishman bothers much about such Courts or their punishment; but it was not always so. And the *Times* of July 17, 1826, records the infliction of public penance for the crime mentioned. "On Sunday last, Isaac Gaskill, bonesetter and farmer, of Bolton-by-the-Sands, in the parish church of that place, did penance for the crime of incest. As the punishment is not very common, we subjoin, as a matter of curiosity to some of the readers, the form of penance:

"Whereas I, good people, forgetting my duty to Almighty God, have committed the detestable sin of incest by contracting marriage, or rather the show or effigy of marriage, with Mary Ann Taylor, the sister of my late wife, and thereby have justly provoked the heavy wrath of God against me, to the great danger of my own soul, and the evil example of others; I

do earnestly repent, and am heartily sorry for the same, desiring Almighty God, for the merits of Jesus Christ, to forgive me both this and all other offences; and also hereafter so to assist me with His Holy Spirit that I never fall into the like offence again; and for that end and purpose I desire you all here present to pray with me and for me, saying, 'Our Father, etc.'"

July 18.—The Franco-Prussian War broke out on July 19, 1870. It was one of the great wars of history. On the previous day (July 18) another event—also world-famous, but in a different way—took place in Rome: the solemn proclamation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility. This was the end of a war that had gone on for centuries. The combatants were the great theologians of the Church, the arms used being reason and Revelation. The Church herself left it a free question till the date above-mentioned.

On that day, after the various views and arguments had all been uttered and canvassed; while the armies of France and Germany were feverishly waiting for the word to move; while the despoilers of the Church were making ready to tear away the last remnant of the Temporal Power of the Papacy, his Holiness Pius IX. solemnly defined as a divinely revealed dogma that "the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra* [that is, when, in the exercise of his office as pastor and teacher of all Christians, he defines, by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, a doctrine of faith or morals to be held by the whole Church], is, by reason of the divine assistance promised to him in Blessed Peter, possessed of that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer wished His Church to be endowed in defining doctrines of faith and morals; and consequently that such definitions of the Roman Pontiffs are irreformable of their own nature, and not by reason of the Church's consent."

The Council in which this definition took place is known as the Vatican Council. It was the twentieth General Council of the Church, and was preceded and followed by

much bitter controversy and excitement, mostly occasioned by the aboye definition. The Church, however, was guided from on high, and spoke that which the Holy Ghost gave her to speak. And when all angry feelings had passed away, it was admitted by Catholics and Protestants that infallibility is logically implied in the idea of revelation; and that if God came down from heaven to give us divine truths, it is but natural to expect He would have provided a means for their preservation and interpretation unto the end of time.

July 19.—Besides St. Vincent de Paul, one of the best known of modern saints, the Church honors on this day St. Macrina, who flourished in the fourth century. She was one of a family of saints. Alban Butler, quoting, in part, her brother, St. Gregory of Nyssa, writes of her:

"St. Macrina was the oldest of the ten children of St. Basil the Elder and St. Emmelia; and, being trained up in excellent sentiments of piety, after the death of her father, consecrated her virginity by vow to God, and was a great assistant to her mother in educating her younger brothers and sisters. St. Basil the Great, St. Peter of Sebaste, St. Gregory of Nyssa, and the rest, learned from her their early contempt of the world, dread of its dangers, and application to prayer and the word of God. When they were sent abroad for their improvement, Macrina induced her mother to concur with her in founding two monasteries—one for men, the other for women,—at a little distance from each other, on their own estate, near Ibora, in Pontus. That of the men was first governed by St. Basil, afterward by St. Peter. Macrina drew up the rules for the nunnery with admirable prudence and piety, and established in it the love and spirit of the most universal poverty, and disengagement from the world, mortification, humility, assiduous prayer, and singing of psalms. God was pleased to afflict her with a painful cancer, which at length her mother cured, by making, at her request, the Sign of the Cross upon the sore.

"After the death of St. Emmelia, Macrina disposed of all that was left of their estate in favor of the poor, and lived herself like the rest of the nuns, on what she earned by the labor of her hands. Her brother Basil died in the beginning of the year 379, and she herself fell ill eleven months after. St. Gregory of Nyssa making her a visit, after eight years' absence, found her sick of a raging fever, lying on two boards, one of which served for her bed, and the other for her pillow. He was exceedingly comforted by her pious discourses, and animated by the fervor and ardent sighs of divine love and penance by which she prepared herself for her last hour. She calmly expired, after having armed herself with the Sign of the Cross. . . . St. Macrina died in December, 379: but is commemorated by both the Latins and Greeks on the 19th of July."

July 20.—When Leo XIII. died, July 20, 1903, one of the great men of the century passed away. He had left his mark not only on the Church but on the world. Having been both an observer and a man of action, he had noted the needs and problems of the age, and suggested the necessary remedies. Sufficiently aloof from all party conflicts, his analysis was always impartial and illuminating. Thoroughly in touch with all current phases of thought and policy, he realized how much foolishness was being written and talked among men. Consequently his aim was to separate the good from the bad, and throw the great weight of his position and his personality on the side of what was right and expedient for the race. Even before he became Pope he was already known and noted by great judges of men in Europe; considering the subsequent career of this illustrious Pontiff, it is interesting to recall some of the estimates formed of him before he had entered on those great labors that have made him famous. The Italian statesman, Rattazzi, said of him (while yet only an archbishop):

"This Pecci is a man of undoubted cali-

bre; one who possesses great force of will, and who can be very severe in the exercise of his prerogatives; nevertheless, he has the most agreeable manners in the world. While he was at Benevento, he showed great capabilities, and he proved that he was of decisive and inflexible character. On many occasions I spoke concerning him with King Leopold I., a prince whose correctness of perception surpasses that of any sovereign in Europe, and who had studied and appreciated Pecci during his nunciature in Belgium. We talked about Pecci's rare prudence, and about his dignity and incorruptibility,—those qualities which inspire in our governmental functionaries an insurmountable fear of his person. His devotion to the Holy See is illimitable; his inflexibility, very nearly obstinacy, leaves no room for even a suspicion of his ever harboring a weakness. There is no sense in denying that Pecci is one of those priests who must be esteemed and admired,—a man of extraordinary political farsightedness, and a man whose knowledge is still greater."

In a pamphlet published shortly before his election, he is thus described: "Cardinal Pecci is undoubtedly one of the most striking characters in the Sacred College; probably no one of his colleagues has so much energy, and at the same time so much moderation. He has always been brilliant in his studies, he has performed his duties well, and he is more than an ordinarily good bishop. The ideal cardinal is a sublime personage, but it may be said of Pecci that he has made a reality of the conception." And after the election an Italian paper had this to say: "It must be admitted that to-day the tiara is very heavy, and that the mission of the new Pope is not an easy one. But, in the judgment of all men, Leo XIII. is a man of firm will, of enlightened piety, and estimable both for his character and for his virtues." Not often in history have previous estimates of men been so wonderfully verified.

(To be continued.)

Dr. Lynton's Wife.

BY MARY CROSS.

"ISN'T it a pity about Dr. Lynton? Why, you don't mean to say that you have not heard!"

Mrs. Fyfe, the queen gossip of Warminster, brought an afternoon call to a climax with these words. Both Mrs. and Miss Severn regarded their visitor with increased interest.

"You forget that we have been away for three months and have only just returned," said Mrs. Severn. "We have not yet heard any news worth discussing. What has Dr. Lynton done?"

"He has married in haste, let us hope not to repent at leisure, though it is to be feared he will. Only a few weeks ago he was called to a consultation in the country, and there and then lost his head or his heart—perhaps both. At any rate, he has married his patient's daughter; and I hear that she is a little nobody, raw and unsophisticated to a degree. Now, how can the unfortunate man expect to get on?"

"She may rise to the occasion," said Mrs. Severn.

"My dear, they do that only in novels. I'm afraid he has nipped his own career in the bud. A woman like that is absolutely certain to drag him down. She can't help it: she does it unconsciously; and however much his friends may pity him, they can render no assistance."

"But have you seen the—er—lady?" asked Mrs. Severn.

"Not yet. I really don't know whether to call or not. It is easier never to begin an undesirable acquaintance than to break it off, you know. What *can* have possessed him?"

"We always thought the Doctor very sensible," said Ella.

"Well, I suppose he must have lost his senses," declared Mrs. Fyfe, rising. "He was the very last man I should have expected would make a foolish marriage; but

there's the fact, and we can't get over it." in buttons opened the door, and as he
 "Poor fellow!" sighed Mrs. Severn; gazed inquiringly forth a voice from the
 but Ella laughed. inner regions was heard to say:

"Perhaps Dr. Lynton is very happy, "Will-yum, what do you mean keeping
 and all your pity is being wasted," she said. folk standing on the doorstep? Show them
 "Why should we be dismal? We have not ladies in here immejut."

William obeyed, opening wide the door
 of a cheerful sitting-room; and a short,
 stout young woman advanced. She had very
 red cheeks, rather clear grey eyes, very
 white teeth, and a mass of jet-black hair
 arranged in the teapot-handle style. The
 three women surveyed one another for
 thrice as many seconds in dead silence.
 The Severns were stricken dumb; matters
 were so much worse than they had
 expected—or, perhaps it should be said,
 had hoped; and William's mistress, with
 one arm akimbo, evidently waited for them
 to speak first.

"We had better call on Mrs. Lynton
 to-morrow," she observed. "We have
 nothing else to do."

"What for, pray?" demanded her
 mother, sharply.

"For fun, of course,—to see how that
 sort of person behaves herself at home."

"I assure you I am not at all interested
 in that sort of person," answered Mrs.
 Severn, with high disdain. "Dr. Lynton
 need not flatter himself that I will con-
 descend to any acquaintance with his
 plebeian wife."

"You prefer that he should flatter
 himself that we are aggrieved by the
 marriage; that he and everybody else
 should say that we ignore the woman
 through jealousy and disappointment?
 It will be very much better to be in a
 position to say that we called but found
 Mrs. Lynton an utterly impossible person,
 as of course she will be."

And the young girl quietly rejoiced at
 the thought of snubbing her successful,
 if unconscious, rival, and of being the
 means of ostracizing her.

"There is something in that," agreed
 Mrs. Severn, slowly. "I suppose we had
 better do as you suggest."

Consequently mother and daughter
 drove to Queen Square, wherein the
 Doctor's house was situated. It looked as
 if it had been newly decorated in honor
 of the bride. A "painty" smell hung about
 it; its window-boxes were gay with flowers,
 and all its brass and glass glittered in the
 sunshine.

As the Severn carriage drew up, a boy

in buttons opened the door, and as he
 gazed inquiringly forth a voice from the
 inner regions was heard to say:

"Will-yum, what do you mean keeping
 folk standing on the doorstep? Show them
 ladies in here immejut."

William obeyed, opening wide the door
 of a cheerful sitting-room; and a short,
 stout young woman advanced. She had very
 red cheeks, rather clear grey eyes, very
 white teeth, and a mass of jet-black hair
 arranged in the teapot-handle style. The
 three women surveyed one another for
 thrice as many seconds in dead silence.
 The Severns were stricken dumb; matters
 were so much worse than they had
 expected—or, perhaps it should be said,
 had hoped; and William's mistress, with
 one arm akimbo, evidently waited for them
 to speak first.

Mrs. Severn recovered. She raised her
 pince-nez and surveyed the Square as if
 she had never seen it before, making the
 only remark that occurred to her:

"Very pleasant locality."

"Ah! it's nothing to the country.
 You like best just where you was brought
 up, I dare say. I don't know as I ever
 shall take to the town."

"You will like it better when you get
 to know people," said Ella.

Her hostess pouted, tossed her head and
 smoothed her dress.

"That's just where the Doctor puts his
 foot down," she replied. "He don't want
 me to know people."

Ella's eyes telegraphed a comprehension
 of the Doctor's discretion to her mother,
 who agreed through the medium of a smile.
 The other lady tapped on the table with
 her fingers, and, having apparently racked
 her brains for an interesting subject of
 discourse, asked:

"How many servants do you keep?"

"Five," said Mrs. Severn, stiffly.

"Eh, come! that's something like! We
 have to get on with only three here and
 that jake in buttons. I'm not above
 putting my hand to anything, I'm sure;
 but it seems to me your work in a town

is never done. In the country you can let your curtains hang for weeks; and as for smuts, you never see 'em."

Mrs. Severn rose. She really could not discuss town *versus* country from a housemaid's point of view, and her powers of endurance were exhausted. She uttered a most frigid "Good-morning!" whilst Ella contented herself with a stony British stare and a slight inclination of her head. They did not go through the formality of leaving cards. As Mrs. Severn observed, the line must be drawn somewhere, and she drew it long before reaching persons such as Dr. Lynton's wife.

"There is something very strange indeed about that marriage!" declared Ella, excitedly. "Dr. Lynton never lost either his head or his heart over that woman. There is a mystery about it."

"Perhaps she knew something to his discredit and he had to marry her to escape exposure."

"Well, it is safe to predict that he will end by wishing that he had chosen exposure, if he has not to bear it also," said Ella. "One of these days the truth will out,—depend upon it!"

Already she was promising herself and her acquaintances much amusement at Mrs. Lynton's expense. She would entertain her "set" with a graphic account of her visit to that lady, and in a short time Dr. Lynton would find himself and his rustic bride the laughing-stock of Warminster. She was a capital mimic; and though this accomplishment made her feared and disliked by present and prospective victims, in a way they enjoyed its display. She felt that she could do full justice to Mrs. Lynton without rousing any one's wrath.

A favorable opportunity would no doubt present itself at Lady Morris' "At Home," one of Warminster's most fashionable functions.

Lady Morris' rooms were crowded when Ella and her mother arrived. They made a point of being late everywhere, not even

excepting church. The habit let others know that there were many claims upon their time, and also that they were superior to the rules that bound ordinary individuals.

They were not long in perceiving Dr. Lynton conversing with a distinguished author, and looking very happy and very handsome, not at all as if he had any skeleton in his cupboard—the "young person" was not to be seen. Ella murmured that he had probably left her at home to attend to the smuts and the curtains.

"How very well Dr. Lynton looks!" murmured a dear old lady beside her. "Well, he is quite as good as he is clever, and I am sure we all wish him great happiness."

"How can he expect either with such a wife?" asked Ella.

The old lady looked shocked; and Mrs. Fyfe joined them with such an amiable expression that Ella knew she was about to say something spiteful.

"Delightful gathering, isn't it? Most enchanting music! Wasn't it a ridiculous mistake to describe Mrs. Lynton as anything but perfectly soo-weet?"

"I can't agree with you," answered Mrs. Severn, calmly and distinctly. "I consider her the most hopelessly underbred person it was ever my misfortune to meet."

"And she can't even speak decent English," chimed in Ella.

"Well, my dear, of course we don't expect you to praise her," said Mrs. Fyfe. "Still, I am sorry for your taste. Everyone else is charmed with her; even old Sir Humphrey, and you know how fastidious he is. There! she is going to sing again. Bee-yew-tiful! No wonder her husband is proud of her!"

Mrs. Severn and Ella gazed at the radiant, lovely girl whom Dr. Lynton was escorting to the piano, and then at each other.

"But that is not Dr. Lynton's wife," said the elder lady, coldly.

"Well, I think I ought to know!" retorted Mrs. Fyfe, tartly.

"Possibly, but it is clear that you do

not. That young lady certainly is not Mrs. Lynton."

"You mean to say that Dr. Lynton introduced to me as his wife a person who is *not* his wife?" asked Mrs. Fyfe, indignantly.

Mrs. Severn drew herself up. With her most aggravating air of social supremacy, she replied:

"I mean to say that that is not the Mrs. Lynton who received Ella and me when we called upon her recently to congratulate her on her marriage. There is imposition and deception somewhere. It is not for me to say or to judge who is responsible for it."

Mrs. Fyfe rustled away; but a little later she returned, accompanied by Dr. Lynton, to whose polite bow the Severns barely responded.

"Apparently there is a mistake—a misunderstanding," he said, courteously. "Mrs. Fyfe informs me that you and Miss Severn called upon my wife. I assure you that neither she nor I was aware of your visit until this moment."

"Mrs. Lynton herself received us," said Mrs. Severn, obstinately.

"But she could not forget having done so, I am sure. Do you remember the date of your visit?"

"We called at Queen Square on the 20th. We are not likely to forget it," said Ella, half laughing, half sneering.

"But Mrs. Lynton was not in town on the 20th," he answered, after a brief reflection; "consequently she could not have received you. May I trouble you to describe the lady who did?"

"Oh, it really does not matter!" said Mrs. Severn, who was beginning to feel uncomfortable; whilst Ella looked incredulous, and Mrs. Fyfe's eyes danced.

"Pardon me, Madam! I think it does. I really must beg you to assist me in discovering who impersonated my wife," urged Dr. Lynton.

After a slight hesitation, Mrs. Severn supplied the description, her daughter contributing a few maliciously-realistic touches. The Doctor had some difficulty

in keeping a smile of amusement confined to his dark blue eyes.

"That must have been our housemaid Sarah," said he. "We brought her from the country in the hope of training her properly, but already her impudence and numerous followers have led to her dismissal. Perhaps she thought you had called to inquire about her character. But I am glad she did the honors of the house so creditably that you believed she was its mistress."

With that Dr. Lynton bowed and retired.

Some Heroes and Heroines.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

NELSON goes through the streets of Portsmouth in his cockade hat and star—a star he disdained to cover,—and men and women line the streets to see the man who is going to "give it to 'Boney,'" and to wish him Godspeed. The fishwife leaves off selling fish; the mercer forgets his mercery; the children stand with wide-opened eyes, and mouth agape. The Admiral is going to head his fleet. Surely he is saying to himself those brave words of old Sir Humphrey Gilbert:

Do not fear!
Heaven is as near
By water as by land.

This is the going out of the Victory. What of its return? Trafalgar has been fought and won, and the price has been paid. On board his ship the great Admiral lies dead. The sea dogs are sorry, for they loved him; and the people mourn. He has faced a storm of shots, has done his level best, has won the laurel and, let us humbly trust, the palm. What says the old proverb? "He who would win the palm must despise the dust."

Some years ago I often went by an old God's Acre in one of our industrial centers. It was in a long and busy thoroughfare, where hundreds of people passed daily up and down. Through the tall iron railings

you caught sight of green grass, of stone and marble crosses, and of mossy grave-stones. One of the latter, as I distinctly recall, was in memory of a woman who lived in spinning-wheel days, the mother of many children, whose epitaph was simply, "She hath done what she could,"—a most eloquent tribute, as it seems to me, from her husband and her children.

City worthies slumbered in this God's Acre, as also a certain gifted woman who, like her of whom I have just told you, had done what she could both with heart and pen. In the firemen's corner slept many men who had fought the scarlet foe, and during this conflict both Anzacs and Canadians found a last resting-place there.

One of those who fell asleep in Auld Lang Syne was an actor who played many parts on the stage of Life. Whilst acting in one of them, he was taken by the Corsairs, was carried away captive, and sold as a slave in the market-place. We can not doubt that, as a white slave, he fully realized the truth of the words:

The day

Makes man a slave takes half his worth away.

At last came freedom, brought by the guns of the French and English fleets. It is recorded that the Dey lined his white slaves up on the sea wall, as a human breastwork against the foe; but Lord Exmouth soon made him desist. I do not know whether our forlorn player was a unit in this living line of defence; but he was freed and returned to his native town, where he "fell asleep."

Self-sacrifice, wheresoever and whensoever found, always stirs the hearts of men. There is in self-effacement a glory which never passes away; and on the breast of ocean many supreme sacrifices have taken place. I remember once reading about an old troopship which caught fire in mid-ocean, and it was a hard task to get the flames under control. There was a crate of fresh oranges aboard; so some of the men opened it, and gave the fruit to the wives and children of the soldiers, to relieve their thirst, though

they themselves were parched with it. Only a small act of self-denial; but a golden deed, all the same.

Think, too, of the drummer of the "Anige," who when the vessel was torpedoed clung to an upturned hencoop, and thus kept himself afloat; and who, when he came across the ship's purser who could not swim, pushed the hencoop to him and took his own chance in the icy water. Akin to him was the ship's boy who saw a sailor, face downwards, on the waves; and turned him face upwards, only to find him dead. Yet, not dismayed, he aided a non-swimmer to keep afloat. Still another small hero was the captain's boy, MacKinnon, of the Anchor Liner "Cameronian," who was on the bridge with the skipper when the vessel was struck. He shouted to the troops through a megaphone: "Keep your heads, men! Dinna get excited! Dinna hurry! It's a'right!" Brave wee laddie! If his mother is still in the land of the living, she must be proud of him, even as she grieves.

Perhaps I may be pardoned if I venture to include *one* sea heroine in this roll of sea heroes. I am thinking of a skipper's wife, a Norfolk woman, who went on a voyage to Australia in her husband's sailing ship. A storm arose at a particularly dangerous spot of the coast; the ship drew water, was sinking rapidly. Then the captain's wife filled the rôle of a ministering angel,—comforted, strengthened those in the Valley of the Shadow. She repeated the Lord's Prayer, then said simply: "Don't let us fear, men. We are only going to our Father, God." There is a tablet erected to this noble soul in the church of her native village; and I can imagine parents, in the days to come, telling their children her story. Such as she were the women who in some terrible moment have helped men through all the centuries

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And, by their overflow,
Raise us from what is low.

The Ministry of Kindness.

NO other moral virtue, perhaps, copies so closely the very complexion and the hue of divine charity as does habitual benevolence,—genial everyday kindness. Even in its purely natural state, it is the veritable efflorescence, the gracious outflowing, of a heart which recognizes the full scope and import of that oft-abused phrase, “the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man”; for, as the etymology of the word denotes “a *kind* person is one who acknowledges his kinship with other men and acts upon it, confessing that he owes to them, as of one blood with himself, the debt of love.” Supernaturalized, as in the life of a practical Christian it so easily may be, kindness becomes fraternal charity, the great virtue of which St. Paul does not hesitate to say, “He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law.”

While all mankind are willing to acknowledge the beauty and the worth of this virtue, comparatively few, perhaps, estimate with even approximate accuracy its real value in the spiritual life. Yet, if the imitation of Christ be the sure road to sanctity, it is clear that kindness must characterize all who strive to follow His footsteps. “A genial man,” says Father Faber, “is both an apostle and an evangelist; an apostle because he brings men to Christ; an evangelist, because he portrays Christ to men.” “Happiness,” says this same gentle writer, “is a great power of holiness. Thus, kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.”

Like all the other best things in life, kindness is within easy reach of everyone. None so poor, so ignorant, so beset with cares, so buffeted by misfortune, but he may in his own little world exercise the gracious ministry of speaking kindly words and doing kindly deeds. Yet, alas! how multiplied are the opportunities of exercising such ministry that each of us neglects! The genial smile that would gladden a

sorrowing heart, the sympathetic work that would lighten an acquaintance's woe, the trifling service that would ease the burden of the widow or the orphan,—how often we withhold them and go our selfish way, neglectful and indifferent! We are given sometimes to boasting of what beneficent projects we would carry out, what charitable deeds we would perform, if only the wealth of the multi-millionaire were ours; yet in our daily life we are as niggardly of the kindnesses that are really at our disposal as the veriest miser of his idolized dollars. Better far to dispense with cheerful benignity such little favors as we may than to plan the pompous benefactions of a supposititious condition.

Nor should we forget that the choicest fruits of kindness are not its outward manifestations, not mere words and deeds. These may wear the semblance of the virtue, and yet be prompted by other than kindly motives.

Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind.

As far as the recipients are concerned, the practical deed is, of course, the main thing; with respect to the merit of the doer, the underlying motive will determine its degree. Hence it behooves us to cultivate charitable thoughts and judgments of our neighbor. “Kind interpretations are imitations of the merciful benignity of the Creator finding excuses for His creatures. . . . The practice of kind thoughts is our main help to that complete government of our tongue which we all so much covet, and without which the Apostle says that all our religion is vain.” In exercising charity we benefit ourselves; we heal our own wounds in binding up those of our neighbor. Only by putting into constant practice the divine rule, to love our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God, shall we so dispose our hearts that kindness of thought and word and work will be our spontaneous attitude toward our fellowmen, and only then may we claim to have become in any degree worthy of the promises of Christ.

Notes and Remarks.

The pernicious activities of those "Roman correspondents" who, occasionally from the Eternal City, and more frequently from newspaper offices in New York, Chicago, or Washington, scatter broadcast calumnies about the Church and her rulers, are henceforth apparently to be met in the only way that can be considered effective. Hitherto a lie cabled from Rome, or stated to be so cabled, went its way around the American press, undenounced, for a week or two before a letter from Rome exposed its mendacity; and interest in the matter had practically died out when the refutation of the calumnious charge reached this country. Cardinal Gasparri, we are glad to learn, is going to change all that. Hereafter, when reports derogatory to the Church or to the Pope and his counsellors are "cabled" to the press of Europe or America, the Papal Secretary of State purposes to employ the cable in peremptorily contradicting the false statements. The editor who used to shirk the printing of a letter from Rome denying the truth of dispatches found in his columns, on the principle that the matter was no longer of any news value, can hardly plead that consideration as a pretext when the refutation or contradiction comes hot on the track of the original falsehood, in the form of a cabled message from so distinguished a "foreign correspondent" as the Cardinal Secretary of State.

The summer holidays are swiftly passing, and, true to its mission, the Catholic press of the country is calling the attention of Catholic parents to a duty perennially imperative, and at this season particularly timely,—that of securing to their children a truly Catholic education. Wherever there are Catholic schools available, such parents should see to it that their boys and girls frequent them in preference to the public schools, in which religion is ignored,

and, in consequence, morality can be based only on the flimsiest of grounds. When there is question of secondary education—in college or university—young men and women should be sent to Catholic institutions rather than to the State or sectarian schools, in which their religious convictions are subjected to dangers as insidious as they are genuine. An evil often pointed out in connection with this subject is commented on by the *Boston Pilot* in this outspoken fashion:

There have been some cases where what is called the "better class" of Catholics have frowned upon Catholic education. They wished their children to gain social prestige, and so have sent them to schools where the name of God is never heard, where religion is a stranger. They have prided themselves that their children were receiving a "superior training," and looked to the day when their prowess, intellectual and social, would be recognized. Unfortunately, these ideals have often been shattered. The social giant has often been a moral bankrupt. At the price of the character of their children they have purchased a fading social status. These cases are all too common, and are directly traceable to criminal negligence or wilful intent on the part of parents to ride roughshod over religion to the attainment of a little worldly recognition.

An appeal to the Catholic people of America by our three Cardinals, issued last week from the office of the National Catholic War Council, concludes with an earnest recommendation of what has come to be known as the Angelus Movement: "Let us, moreover, each day, until the peace for which we fight crowns our efforts, say daily three times, morning at rising, at noon, and in the evening the Angelus, for the guidance of our rulers, the success of our Arms, the unity of the nations, and the welfare of heroes. And may Almighty God hearken to the prayers of a united nation, and grant speedily that peace which surpasseth understanding!"

The late Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio, will be remembered with grateful affection by American Catholics. Although the sect of which he was a minister is not especially noted for liberal views,

he was one of those broadminded, true-hearted men that never hesitate to defend truth and oppose injustice. At a time when Protestant ministers of every denomination, all over the country, were supporting the A.P.A.—an anti-Catholic movement which, by the way, they were guilty of originating—Dr. Gladden condemned it, and denounced the bigots with voice and pen. During another anti-Catholic campaign in more recent years he took the same manly stand, despising the threats and ignoring the reproaches of ultra-Protestants. A man of strong character, a vigorous preacher and a forceful writer, Dr. Gladden was held in high esteem by the generality of American citizens. His friends admired him for his blameless life, and loved him for qualities which strangers did not always credit him with possessing.

Recent attacks on "the Pope of Rome," by ultra-Protestant preachers and editors, lend timeliness to the following reply once addressed to one of these worthies by a non-Catholic clergyman in England: "Go back to the 'Primitive Ages of Christianity'—the first four centuries—and point out one doctrine then held by the Church that is not held by the Church now. You ground your faith, you say, on the Canon of Scriptures; who formed it for you? The Pope. Was that an act of Antichrist? The Pope believes in one God, the Father Almighty. The Pope believes in one Mediator between God and man—Jesus Christ. The Pope believes there is no forgiveness for sin but through the merits of the blood of Christ. Would Antichrist so teach? The Pope believes in the immortality of the soul and in the two resurrections,—one to life, one to death eternal. The Pope believes that in Adam all fell, and that the only redemption from original sin is through Jesus Christ, and that He only could offer a propitiatory atonement to the justice of God. Can he who teaches all this, and very much more than you yourself profess to teach, be 'Antichrist'—the 'beast,' the 'man of sin,'

the 'son of perdition'? Every year does the Pope ascend the portico of St. Peter's and, in the sight of heaven and before men, stretch forth his hands and bless all the peoples upon the earth. The Pope blesses you, and you curse him."

As a gratifying sign of the times in Protestant England, a declaration in a sermon recently preached by an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. J. J. G. Stockley, M. A., is worth reproducing. "Never since the beginning of the Oxford Movement," he said, "has there been so extraordinary a chance as at present of bringing back to England that which England was robbed of in the sixteenth century—the Holy Eucharist as the principal service and worship of the Church." Widely different is this language from the denunciation of the Mass which, not so very long ago, was common enough in Protestant communities, even as it is common enough in the English literature of the past three hundred years. While applauding the change of sentiment, the *Catholic Times* of London proffers to the Anglican parson this sage bit of advice: "The reverend gentleman, and all Anglicans who think as he does, should not forget that when clergymen renounced the doctrine of the Mass and cut themselves off from the Church, and their Orders became invalid, only by joining the Church which they abandoned can their successors become genuine Catholics and secure valid Orders. This is a simple truth which all Anglicans who are desirous to be real Catholics should take to heart."

It was President Cleveland who said, in refuting a false charge made against him by a Protestant minister in a conference of his denomination at Salem, Mass.: "The elements or factors of the most approved outfit for placing a false and barefaced accusation before the public appear to be: first, some one with baseness and motives sufficient to invent it; second, a minister with gullibility and love of notoriety,

greedily willing to listen to it and gabble it; and, third, a newspaper anxiously willing to publish it."

The outfit was complete in the case of the accusation, "Roman Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible." The base inventor is unknown; but the ministers and newspapers are notorious, also innumerable. The latest "gabblers" and publishers of this monstrous calumny are a Rev. Mr. Foster and the "anxiously willing" person who co-operates with him in giving publicity to untruth. There is no excuse for these offenders. Any educated person in the city where they reside—or from which their publications hail—could have informed them that the Bible is by no means forbidden to Catholics, and that new editions of it for their use frequently appear. The Rev. Mr. Foster is not to be classed among persons of even ordinary intelligence.

Of course, it is no surprise to the faithful of this country to learn that Catholic chaplains with the American Expeditionary Forces in France are measuring fully up to the highest standards of spiritual and social efficiency. The explanation given of that efficiency, by an Episcopalian chaplain, however, is not quite adequate. "Your Church," he said, "is mighty shrewd. It has sent here a picked body of priests who, by their superior education and experience, show us up to a disadvantage." A little reflection on the part of this candid gentleman, or perhaps a fuller knowledge of the training to which aspirants to the priesthood are subjected, would probably suffice to convince him that *every* Catholic priest is a picked man, in the sense that he has been prepared in an efficient way—spiritually, intellectually and sociologically—for the work to which his life is devoted. The American Catholic chaplain knows his "boys" with a thoroughness of knowledge unattained, and for that matter unattainable, by the ministers of any religious body that ignores the confessional; and his theological training

has fitted him for supplying those "boys" with just the spiritual and intellectual help of which they stand most in need. It would be something of a surprise if he did *not* 'show up to a disadvantage' clergymen less adequately prepared for the care of souls.

It was with only a single dissenting voice that the city council of Detroit adopted an ordinance, suggested by Alderman Walsh, prohibiting the sale or distribution on the streets of all papers, books, or periodicals containing defamatory or libelous articles against any religion, cult or sect. The measure was well understood to be aimed at a notorious anti-Catholic sheet, which, when not sold, was forced upon the public at street corners. In introducing the ordinance, however, Mr. Walsh wisely urged only that anything tending to stir up strife at home while Americans are fighting abroad should be suppressed. His colleagues were strongly of the same mind, and in giving their vote some of them took occasion to denounce the paper in question. It goes to show what might be done in other cities where there are men like Mr. Walsh.

The death on the 5th inst. of Cardinal Sebastiano Martinelli, of the Order of St. Augustine, removes the last of the predecessors of Mgr. Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate to the United States. The late Cardinal held this important office from 1896 to 1902, and won the respect and confidence of all who came into contact with him by his justice, prudence, gentleness, and disinterestedness. It was during his stay in this country that he was made a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals, and his promotion occasioned general rejoicing here as well as in Rome, where he was well known as the former Prior-General of his Order. His Eminence will be remembered as an ecclesiastic who in a difficult and delicate position rendered important services to the Church, and his surviving associates will always think of him as a

prelate who exemplified all that he professed and preached, whose learning did not puff him up, and who was unspoiled by honors. He was no less remarkable for humility and piety as a Cardinal than as a simple religious.

That the ardent missionary spirit, which formed so distinctively marked a note of the early Irish Church, and which has had so much to do with the growth and spread of Catholicity during Mediæval and modern times, is by no means extinct, is clear from the rapid success which is attending the development of the Irish Mission to China. Although scarcely a year and a half has elapsed since the movement was inaugurated, it has now at its disposal, so the *Far East* informs us, eighteen priests, a well-equipped College, and a complete teaching staff. On March 28 his Eminence Cardinal Logue received from Rome a letter stating that the Holy Father had ordered "that the College now established in Ireland should be especially devoted to the missions in China, and that it should be placed under the protection of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda."

"Patrick, Bridget, and Columkille," it is very evident, still inspire Irish youths and maidens.

They were waiting for a train at a remote station in the Far West, and the conversation turned on spiritism. A weather-beaten farmer said: "Fur my part, I never did go in much on sperrit-rappin', or take any great stock in ghosts and sich; but I tell yew I had a powerful scare wunst."—"How was that?" asked a solemn man, with long hair, who was evidently interested in the occult,—perhaps a medium.—"Wall, I was a-layin' in my log cabin up on the Little B'ar River one night 'bout a year ago; and I woke up round midnight thinkin' of my dead brother William. Putty soon I felt somethin' like a hand pressin' on my shoulder. I felt kinder scared then; fur I

was sartin thar wasn't anuther human bein' within forty miles."—"And there were two raps," said the long-haired man.—"No, thar warn't no raps, but a sound soter like a dyin' man's gasp! But somehow I managed to say: 'Is that you, William?' Then I felt somethin' clammy tech my cheek."—"A case of materialization," remarked the long-haired person. "I 'low I was badly scared then," continued the narrator; "an' the cold sweat was a-droppin' off me. 'Does yer want ter kermoonicate somethin', William?' sez I."—"The very thing to do in such cases," interposed the long-haired man.—"Then the buzzin' began agin. Arter that somethin' teched my right hand. Wall, gents, it got so I couldn't stan' it no longer. I jest jerked them blankits off, jumped up an' struck a light."—"And what did you see?"—"Why, nothin' but an ord'nary rattlesnake; not a large one, but lively 'nough. I killed it some way, I don't remember jest how. My brother didn't put in no appearance. There's the train comin', though!"

The satire of this story, which some one wishes to have related, is plain enough, but we do not see any argument in it. Sarcasm is easy—and cheap.

That the soul is in the ascendancy at the Front is plain from certain instructions of the Over There Theatre League to players about to embark for Europe. Immoral jokes and oaths are offences to be particularly avoided. The regulations on these two points are specific:

Jokes derogatory to women. The "I'd rather go to jail than live with my wife" sort of wheeze. Absence from home has surrounded women in the boys' eyes with a sentimental halo, and this sort of thing may subtly hurt. The camps at home are no criterion either.

Unnecessary oaths, and particularly the use of "God." Most of the boys come from small country towns where old-fashioned prejudice still prevails.

"Sentimental halo" and "old-fashioned prejudice" doubtless mean more than the words would imply



A Lazy Boy's Vacation.

TELL you I'm the gladdest
That we ain't got no school,
When me and Tommy Braddock
Goes swimmin' in the pool.

We ain't afraid of nothin',
And just swim round so slick;
I wish I'd learn my lessons
And do my sums as quick!
But boys ain't made to study
And sit all day in school;
It's lots more fun a-swimmin'
With Tommy in the pool.

Melanie's Godmother.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONCLUSION.)

LATER in the day Melanie inquired of her mother if she remembered Madame la Rouge's address. But Mrs. Lasance answered that she had entirely forgotten it, adding that it was doubtless of no importance; for they would not be likely to go to Detroit, and should therefore never see her again.

"Was she very old, mamma?" asked the little girl.

"No, dear. She would probably be about sixty now if living."

"Did she have any children?" continued Melanie.

"Not any," said her mother. "She had a nephew, a Mr. Victor Fredin, who was studying for the priesthood at Florisant, Missouri, when I knew her. He was ordained long since no doubt, or is dead maybe."

Melanie did not answer, but a new idea shot through her busy brain. If the Jesuit priest who had been studying at Florisant,

could be found—which was not unlikely,—some tidings might perhaps be gained of Madame la Rouge. Recourse must again be had to the Rosary; and the child had such confidence in the efficacy of her mother's prayers as compared with her own that she resolved to enlist her as an unconscious aid in the all-important cause.

"Mamma," she said, "if you feel strong enough to answer the Rosary, I could say it aloud, reading the mysteries of the day. There is something I want from Our Lady; you would be very glad if you knew, but I can not tell you just yet."

"O my dear," answered the good mother, "I shall only be too glad to say the beads with you! And if I do not answer aloud I shall be reciting the prayers with my lips."

"I will light the blessed candle," said Melanie; "for this is a very special intention, and you must not even try to guess what it is."

Mrs. Lasance smiled, and promised not to conjecture as to the special favor to be gained.

The child prayed with all her heart and soul, as she had done that morning and the night before, and for many sad and weary days while her mother was lying ill and helpless beside her. Toward the close of the Rosary her pale, thoughtful face shone with a new light, a smile parted her lips, and as she arose from her knees she said:

"Mamma, I think I know a way. I must go out for an hour or so, if you can spare me, and won't mind my not telling you where."

"I have such confidence in my little girl, and she has been so prudent and obedient all her life, that I have no fear that she will do anything foolish or unworthy now; so I shall not mind," said her mother, while Melanie made her preparations for departure. She left fresh water by the bedside, put some coal on the fire, and ran

to the next room to ask the tailor's wife to look in occasionally during her absence. Then, putting on her hat and cloak, she kissed her mother and sped away, first going to the closet for the letter, still undirected and unstamped.

"And now for the Jesuit College," she said, as she stood on the pavement.

It was in the other end of town, a good half-hour's ride from Melanie's home; and she had never been at St. Xavier's but once on Holy Thursday. Opening her pocket-book, she counted twenty cents, all her own, the last of her savings. "It will cost five to go and five to return and two for a stamp," she said; "but unless I ride I shall be too long away from mamma."

Hailing a passing car, she was soon on her way, her mind full of happy thoughts; and almost before she knew it the car had reached her destination. High and grand the steeple of St. Xavier's loomed up before her. One moment in the church for a *Memorare*, and now, with rapidly-beating heart and fast oozing courage, Melanie ran up the steps of the College, almost into the arms of a tall, dark-eyed priest, who opened the door as she was about to pull the bell.

"And why so fast, child?" he asked, smilingly. "Is it a sick call?"

"No, Father," she replied, all confusion; "but can you—can you—do you know a Father Fredin—Father Victor Fredin,—whose aunt was Madame la Rouge in Detroit, and who is a Jesuit?"

"Father Fredin, whose aunt is a Jesuit!" he laughingly replied. "Well, no." Then, pitying her embarrassment, he took her by the hand and led her into the hall toward the parlor, saying as he went: "But I am Father Fredin—Father Victor Fredin,—and Madame la Rouge is my aunt. Now tell me, my child, what I can do for you."

Wonder of wonders! Paradise had opened, and Melanie had caught a glimpse thereof! She blushed, grew pale, and, sinking on the hard old sofa, burst into tears. The kind priest waited until her excitement had subsided, and then she told her story,

ending with these words: "I was sure Our Lady would help us."

When she had finished, Father Fredin wiped his eyes with a corner of his handkerchief.

"Your faith has been rewarded, my child," he said; "Our Lady has certainly helped you. I have often heard my aunt speak of her goddaughter, of whom she lost all trace; and of the fair young mother and delicate father, in whom she had been so interested. Now what will you say when I tell you that she is here in this very city? For, as I am her only relative, she has a fancy for following me about, and always takes up her lodgings in whatever place may hold me for the time being."

"O Father!" cried Melanie, clasping her hands together. "This is good news indeed. Now mamma will have a friend."

"And you say you have a letter for her? Give it to me and I will take it to her. I would go with you to her house this moment, but I have an engagement; and it is growing late for you to be so far from home."

"Thank you, Father! I will just run in a moment to thank Our Lady before her altar, and then hurry home to mamma. And, Father, when do you think godmother will come to see us?"

"You will probably see her to-morrow. God bless you, dear child!"

Taking her by the hand, Father Fredin accompanied her to the door of the church, where he left her and hastened on his delayed errand.

At the foot of the altar steps Melanie knelt for a few moments in rapt thanksgiving. Tears of joy coursed down her cheeks, but all she could say was, "Thank you, dear Mother,—thank you for having heard my prayer!" Gazing up at the beautiful marble statue, gleaming white amid its bower of greens and choicest flowers, it seemed to her that the Blessed Virgin smiled a benediction upon her where she knelt, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, but with heart overflowing with joy and gratitude.

When Melanie returned she found her mother somewhat uneasy, for she had overstayed her allotted time. But she looked so mysteriously happy—her cheeks flushed and eyes bright with a new joy—that her mother forbore to question her, knowing that in due time she would share the secret.

Melanie scarcely slept that night, and was up betimes the next morning, putting things to rights in the humble home, and arranging the poor furniture to the best advantage. She flew to the corner grocery for the day's purchases, and hurried back lest some one might come in her absence; and she could hardly refrain from opening the door whenever she heard a noise in the corridor. She had changed the plain white pillow-covers on the bed for a pair with tucks and ruffles—relics of better days,—and finished her preparations by putting a three-cornered bit of lace on her mother's hair, telling her it made her look "pretty and stylish."

She was in the act of tying her own neat little apron when she heard a heavy step on the stairway, followed by a puffing and blowing as the newcomer reached the top, and the sound of a woman's voice in tones of inquiry. Melanie flew to the door. Upon the threshold stood a tall, stout woman, with bands of snow-white hair framing her sweet, motherly face and bright brown eyes, nodding and smiling as she endeavored to regain her breath.

"It is Madame la Rouge!" cried Melanie. "It is my dear godmother!"

"*Mon Dieu*, it is the little one, the baby, the darling Melanie!" exclaimed the visitor, opening wide her capacious arms and straining the child to her heart. "And thou, too, *ma petite Marguerite*!" she continued, releasing Melanie, and embracing the astonished woman, who could scarce believe the evidence of her senses.

"Dear Madame, dear Madame, how did you come here? Did you fall from the sky?"

Explanations followed from Melanie and her godmother, and the only cloud that

marred the joy of reunion was the thought of the husband and father long since gone to his rest.

Madame la Rouge told how, very soon after the departure of her friends from Detroit, she had been recalled to France to receive a legacy, leaving her house and affairs in America in the hands of a person who proved to be both incompetent and dishonest; and how she had never received any letters or any information from Mr. Lasance and his wife, though she often suspected the cause. From time to time for several years she had made inquiries, but without success, and finally concluded she was never to see or hear from them again. After the ordination of her nephew she had sold her property in Detroit, invested her money in good securities, and followed him from place to place wherever his superiors sent him, living as comfortably as was possible to her under such circumstances.

After hearing Mrs. Lasance recite the history of her misfortunes and sorrows, wiping many a furtive tear the while, she continued in her own quaint way, one hand holding that of the sick woman, the other Melanie's, who sat on a stool at her feet:

"And now that is all over, thank the good God! No more fighting with the wolf for *la petite Marguerite* and the child, no more loneliness for Melanie la Rouge. Here in this place, where the air is very good and the people thrive, I have been already three years, and it is just now that they have made my Victor vice-president for another term. That means another three years. I have, as in Detroit, a fine, large house, always let in sleeping rooms to honest, well-paying gentlemen. No ladies; they are, as a rule, too troublesome. They stay with me long, *ces messieurs*; for I have still my good Eulalie, and thou knowest that means cleanliness and order in the house. For me, I work not much—I am too heavy,—and I need not; for there is still another, Ladette, the grandniece of Eulalie, who does many an errand, saves many a step, and is otherwise quite useful. Strange it is that last week one

who had been with me two years went, to return no more, back to his home in Canada. His room waits for thee, Marguerite; and for thee, *ma petite Melanie*. Over the mantel there is a vacant space, and we will put there Our Lady—that one yonder,—and we will there burn a taper day and night for a thank-offering.”

“But, Madame —” ventured Mrs. Lasance.

“No ‘buts,’ *petite*; but do as I say to thee. I am older and wiser than thou. And thou wouldst not make me sorrowful in my old age, I know. We shall be one family; the little one shall go to school; and if thou wilt give thy lessons for diversion and not to be too dependent, thou mayst do so. But not until thou art strong again,—not until thou art very strong.”

“But Father Fredin?” again interrupted the sick woman through her tears.

“He! He is beside himself with joy!” cried Madame la Rouge, once more opening her arms and drawing Melanie to her bosom. “When he read me last night that letter—for I read not well English writing—the tears fell, and he said: ‘It is well, dear aunt, that thou shouldst have for thy old age such companions’—but we must hasten.”

“You do not mean that we go to day, Madame?” said Mrs. Lasance. “We are scarcely ready, and it might not be safe for me.”

“To-day, yes, and that very soon. This furniture—does it belong to thee? I thought not; thou wouldst never have purchased such trash. It goes with the lodging? *Eh bien!* Melanie, my little one, gather up thy small belongings, and I will help thee. Hast thou a trunk, perhaps? Two of them? That is well; and if they will not hold all, I will tie up many things in a stout sheet, if thou hast such a thing. There is nothing better. And this sick woman here, we will get her dressed and take her hence in a hack, while the rest can follow in a wagon. I go now to look for these, and to order a small refection; for we have let the time

pass without thought for our stomachs. ‘Tut, tut, say nothing! We can not work or travel else, and there is much to be done. On my way I passed a good restaurant, where I will order a little repast at once.’”

As the door closed upon her beaming countenance, it seemed to Melanie as though everything that had passed during the last twenty-four hours must have been a beautiful dream, and she half feared that something would occur to dissipate the blissful reality. But Madame soon reappeared, followed by a waiter bearing a plentiful dinner,—such a one as Mrs. Lasance and her daughter had not tasted for a long time. How they enjoyed that meal! While they ate, Madame informed them that she had promised the *garçon* a good “teep” on condition that he would find and send her a hack and express in the course of an hour.

Dinner over, she and Melanie set to work to pack up the few movables and clothing, which was soon done, after which the invalid was dressed, and well wrapped up in shawls. Settlement with the landlady followed; then a tearful farewell from the tailor’s wife and Mrs. Mullen, the washer-woman,—both of whom were loud in their congratulations, while sorry to lose such kindly neighbors.

In due time came the carriage and express; and, after the latter was laden with their few belongings, Mrs. Lasance was carefully assisted downstairs by her two kind-hearted neighbors. Madame la Rouge followed, carrying an empty birdcage (which she inwardly resolved should soon have a tenant), and an extra wrap for *la petite Marguerite* when she should be in the carriage. Last of all came Melanie, her little white Rosary wound about her wrist, and the picture of Our Lady Help of Christians hugged tightly to her breast,—tears falling from her eyes, but a smile on the soft, sweet lips, moving as she passed in silent, thankful “Hail Marys.”

DEVOTION to Our Lady is like a beacon-light placed on the road to heaven.

When God Helps, All Goes Well.

III.—TRYING TIMES.

"WHAT are you doing here, Wallbrecher?" said Fritz, almost breathless. "Our house is full of Napoleon's soldiers. What will become of you, if they find you here?"

"I thought they would be here," answered Wallbrecher; "for the town is alive with them. But I came very stealthily; and when I peeped through the window I saw the sergeant. Now to the point! You can do a good service for your country if you will."

"How can you have any doubt on that score?" asked Fritz. "You shall not fall into the hands of the enemy if I can prevent it."

"Heavens! I was not thinking of myself," said the subaltern, "but of something far more important. I have left a wagon, laden with treasure, in the wood between the mill and the road. It contains a part of the war-chest, which, until now, I have managed to keep out of the hands of that greedy crew. I can, however, do so no longer; for the enemy are everywhere. Besides, my horses are exhausted. Can you manage to hide the money somewhere?"

"I can hide yourself, the money, and the horses also," answered Fritz. "But come, Wallbrecher: we have no time to spare. Where is your span?"

"Only a hundred paces distant. Shall I fetch it?"

"No, no! We must take it to the tower by a roundabout way; for that is where we shall hide it," said the boy; and, without more ado, they went to the wood, found the wagon, drove it across a meadow to the moat, and then to the door of the tower,—first, however, carefully locking the door of the garden after them.

"The poor animals!" said Wallbrecher. "They are almost exhausted."

"We shall soon provide for them," said Fritz; "there is plenty of oats at the mill.

But step in here first, Wallbrecher; you must change your uniform for an old suit of grandfather's, and then you can go to the mill without danger."

They accordingly felt their way up the stone stairs into the upper room, where Fritz immediately began to procure a light.

"Will not a light betray us?" asked Wallbrecher.

"Impossible!" answered Fritz. "The room is lighted only from above, so that we are quite safe; and I will close the window-shutters in the alcoves. Wait a moment!"

"Are there alcoves, too?" asked the soldier in astonishment.

"Yes, and we will hide you and your treasure in these rooms. See if you can find the doors."

The old man looked in vain; and when Fritz opened them, closed the shutters, and then led his friend in, he fairly stared with astonishment, and was of opinion that this was a treasure chamber worthy of a king.

After Wallbrecher had thrown off his uniform and put on one of the old grandfather's suits, they determined first to proceed to the mill and get some provision for the horses. Having arrived there, they filled a sack with oats, and were about to return with it to the tower, when they heard a slight noise, and immediately afterward perceived the sergeant, who appeared to be seeking somebody by the light of the lamps that were hung up here and there.

Fritz and his companion quickly withdrew into the shade, and observed the movements of the sergeant. After he had stood a few minutes, a millhand made his appearance, and looked in astonishment at the soldier. The latter, however, spoke to him kindly, saying that, since he had formerly worked in a mill, he wished to take a look round the place. He then made some inquiries respecting the miller's wealth, and appeared to be quite satisfied to hear that he was well-to-do, and had generally spare cash in his coffers. At length, nodding condescendingly to the man, the sergeant returned into the house.

"That fellow has some evil design,"

said Wallbrecher, "or why should he ask whether your father has money? You had better go in and give your father a hint to put all his valuables out of the way."

Fritz did as he was advised; and then, going to the pantry, filled his pockets with food and two flasks of wine, with which he returned to the tower, where his friend had already arrived with the oats.

"They are doing the poor animals good," he said, as Fritz entered the tower. "Have you spoken to your father?"

"All right," replied Fritz. "And here is a lunch for you; you must be hungry. Take something to eat and drink, and then let us carry up the treasure."

Wallbrecher gave Fritz a friendly nod, and showed his appreciation of his thoughtfulness by making a hearty meal. In five minutes he had finished, and he and his companion set about carrying up the money chests. Half an hour's sturdy work saw them safely deposited in their hiding-place. The empty wagon was now pushed behind the bushes, and the horses made comfortable on the ground-floor. Fritz then bade his friend good-night, carefully locked the door of the tower, and returned to the house.

He there found everything as he had left it. Sergeant Léoville sat at the table with his father and grandfather, relating his adventures, and did not appear as if he had any evil intentions. After whispering to his father that all was right in the tower, Fritz bade him and his grandfather good-night, made a stiff bow to the sergeant, and ascended to his room, where he was soon fast asleep.

The night passed without any disturbance; but toward morning Fritz was awakened by a loud noise, like the clinking of sabers and the rattling of muskets. He sprang quickly out of bed, threw on his clothes, and hastened downstairs, where a sight presented itself which nearly froze the blood in his veins. Sergeant Léoville was holding his father by the throat with one hand, while with the other he held a pistol to his breast.

"There's no escape, villain!" cried the sergeant in German; "so out with your money, or I will shoot you down like a dog! Where have you hid it? Speak at once, or I will call in my men, and not a soul here shall remain alive!"

The miller shrugged his shoulders, and replied that he had no money in the house; and that if he had he would not give him any, as he had no right to demand it. The grandfather now appeared on the scene, and remonstrated with the scoundrel, but without effect. Cursing and foaming with rage, he fired his pistol. But just at that moment Fritz rushed at him with such force that he fell, and the shot, instead of hitting his father, buried itself in the wall beyond. The officer was beside himself with rage.

"Attention!" he cried to his men. "Strike everyone to the ground and take what you can find. Forward!"

Immediately the command was obeyed, and the soldiers made as if they would massacre the whole family. But quick as lightning the miller hurled the sergeant back among his men, pushed his father and son through a side-door, pulled the door to, and locked and bolted it.

"To the mill, quick!" he whispered; and while the soldiers were thundering away at the door with the butts of their guns, they safely reached the mill, under cover of the darkness which still prevailed. While the miller was assembling his workmen Fritz and his grandfather bolted and secured the door. They now knew by the noise that the soldiers were breaking up everything in the house in hopes of finding money or valuables. But the quiet smile of the miller showed that their search would be useless.

In a little while they gave up their destruction in the house and came to the mill, the door of which they tried to break in with their guns, but in vain. Seeing himself foiled in his attempt to wreak his vengeance upon the miller and his family in person, Léoville commanded his men to set fire to the barns, saying that he would leave

them a remembrance that would be a good lesson to them in the future. The men obeyed this command with alacrity, and in a few minutes the barns were in a blaze. A deadly paleness overspread the face of the miller when he witnessed the execution of this savage command.

"What is the matter with you, Andreas?" asked the grandfather, anxiously. "You need not be in any fear for our lives; we can easily save ourselves by crossing the river."

"I was not thinking of that, father," answered the miller; "but I have hidden all our wealth in the barns, thinking it would be safest there. Now it has become a prey to the flames, and we are no better off than beggars."

The grandfather was disconcerted on hearing this; but, quickly recovering himself, he replied:

"The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away; the name of the Lord be praised. The loss of earthly fortune should not make us give way to despair; for if only God helps, the heaviest trials and misfortunes can be borne with patience. Courage, therefore!"

The miller answered only with a bitter smile. There was not, in fact, much time for regret; for just then the fire caught the thatched roof of the mill, and made it necessary to think of saving their lives. The grandfather hurriedly led the way to the boats holding Fritz by the hand. The miller followed, supporting his wife. The two boats were just large enough to take in everyone, so that in a very few minutes all were safely landed on the other side of the river. Here they had nothing more to fear from the enemy; besides, in a short time, the sound of trumpets and drums was heard in the city, and immediately afterward Sergeant Léoville, with his men, quickly marched away.

The miller looked after him with a dark brow; and, shaking his clinched fist, exclaimed:

"If there is justice in heaven, villain, you will one day fall into my power, when

you shall feel my vengeance for all the evil you have brought upon us."

"Not so,—not so, son!" interposed his father softly. "The Lord says, 'Vengeance is Mine, I will repay.' Let us bear this visitation with patience; if God helps, as He has hitherto helped us, everything will soon be all right again."

For some time the miller did not answer this mild appeal; but at length he said:

"You are right; we will leave the punishment of those ruffians to Heaven, and in the meantime do what we can to make good the ruin they have wrought."

As there was now no more to be feared from the enemy, the miller and his family recrossed the river and took possession of the house. The sight that met their eyes was enough to fill the meekest heart with indignation. Windows and mirrors were broken, and the fragments strewn about the floor. Closets, desks, drawers, and wardrobes had been forced open, and their contents thrown about in every direction, or carried off. But without giving way to their feelings, everyone set to work to put matters as much as possible to rights.

(To be continued.)

The Duke of Wellington to the Boys of Eton College.

The battle of Waterloo is considered one of the most important battles ever fought, because it put an end to the evil power of Napoleon, "the scourge of Europe." The Duke of Wellington, the "Iron Duke," as he was called, was the commander of the English forces that won this great victory. When he was old he visited Eton College, where he had gone to school as a boy, and made an address to the scholars. Among the last words he had to say to them were these: "My young friends, I want you always to remember this, that the battle of Waterloo was won at Eton." It is the self-control and perseverance of the boy that make the man's life noble.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—New publications of Burns & Oates include: "A Spiritual Retreat for Priests," by the late Bishop Hedley; "Robert Hugh Benson: Captain in God's Army," by Reginald J. J. Watt; and "The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite Described," by the Rev. Dr. Adrian Fortescue.

—"O. K.," as a synonym for "it is right," "it is correct," etc., has been in colloquial use in this country since the days of President Andrew Jackson. President Wilson, on the authority of the Century Dictionary, habitually substitutes for it "okeh," said to be a Choctaw Indian word equivalent to "so be it," or "it is so." The substitution will hardly commend itself to such rustic philologists as explain the derivation of "O. K." by stating that the letters are simply the initials of the words in the familiar phrase, "oll korrekt."

—Judging from the reduced size of a number of our British exchanges and from the flimsy quality of such paper as is used by some of the monthly transatlantic periodicals, the printing-paper famine with which this country was threatened a year or two ago has come within measurable distance in the case of over-the-seas publishers. On this side of the Atlantic, the war has affected paper in the matter of its price rather than its quality; and the increase in price is evidenced not infrequently in the cost of books and even weekly journals.

—"An Elementary Handbook of Logic," by the Rev. John J. Toohey, S. J. (Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss), a 12mo of 255 pages, is designed for use in the classroom rather than for private study. The author, who is professor of logic and metaphysics in Georgetown University, has succeeded admirably in combining clearness with brevity, and the average teacher of logic will find in this text-book much for which to be thankful. Even the general reader who glances through its chapters, and more particularly chapter xviii—on "Fallacies,"—will appreciate the lucidity of the exposition, and will find that formal logic is not, after all, quite so dry a subject as it is generally supposed to be.

—"Cantica Trium Tenebrarum Officium in Hebdomada Sancta" ("The Three Canticles in the Offices of Holy Week"), and "Secundae Vesperae in Resurrectione Domini" ("The Second Vespers for Easter"), by the Rev. L. P. Manzetti, in *falso bordone* for four equal voices,—is a welcome production. "The Vespers for Easter" means the complete arrangement of the Psalms, the *Magnificat*, and the

Domine ad adjuvandum; the antiphons and the *Haec Dies* must be supplied from authorized sources. The alternate verses of the Psalms and canticles are taken from the Vatican Edition, whilst the four-part music is exceptionally attractive and reflects the joyous Eastertide. Father Manzetti's work deserves high praise; it is one of the many legitimate means to inspire a love for genuine church music. St. Mary's, Roland Park, Md.

—A thesis submitted to the Catholic University of America as one of the requirements for the doctorate in theology, "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," by the Rev. Joseph J. C. Petrovits, J. C. B., S. T. D. (B. Herder Book Co.), is a work whose primary appeal will naturally be to the specialist rather than the general reader. Much of the book, nevertheless, will abundantly repay perusal by even the ordinary lay Catholic. In the opening chapters especially, in which the historical facts connected with the devotion are clearly and interestingly set forth, there is very much to edify the devout clients of the Sacred Heart, independently of any theological or philosophical attainments on the part of the readers. The concluding chapters deal with the Twelfth Promise.

—The publication of a new translation of the "Inferno" has brought out the following statistics as to the date of English translations of Dante. The information is furnished by a correspondent of the London *Times Literary Supplement*. Of the "Divina Commedia" as a whole there are thirty translations, the earliest, that of Henry Boyd, dating from 1785; besides which there are twenty-four independent translations of the "Inferno" alone (the earliest, by Charles Rogers, in 1782); nine of the "Purgatorio" (the earliest in 1883); and five of the "Paradiso" (the earliest in 1899); making in all fifty-four translations of the "Inferno," thirty-nine of the "Purgatorio," and thirty-five of the "Paradiso." Several of these translations, it should be stated, are as yet unpublished. To the above totals America has contributed four translations of the "Divina Commedia," the best known of which are those of Longfellow (in blank verse) and Norton (in prose); four independent versions of the "Inferno," and one or more of the "Purgatorio."

—It is true that the supply of books for Catholic children is deplorably scant. It would seem that only a few of our authors can or will write for children. (There are many who write down to them and thus spoil their work.) Still

the number of good Catholic juveniles is larger than is generally supposed, and it would be a distinct service to compile a list of them—of all that are really interesting, brightly written, and attractively produced,—in the hope of increasing their circulation. If we ourselves were preparing such a list, we would head it with the books of Mrs. Waggaman, whose plots and descriptions never fail to interest, whose characters are so lifelike, and whose style is so excellent. Her books are as healthy, too, as they are bright. Though she never preaches, she never loses sight of the thing that matters most. Are there more delightful stories for our young folk in the language—stories that they would all, boys and girls, more keenly enjoy—than “The Secret of Pocomoke,” “White Eagle,” “Killykinick,” and the rest? What entertaining and beneficial books for children might be made out of the lives of the martyr missionaries of Canada, and of saints like St. John Gualbert and St. Zita, for instance? But why suggest more good juveniles until there is something like a general demand for those we already possess? We can not expect to have many first-class juvenile writers until there is far greater encouragement for them,—until our publishers cease to bring out books that have no attraction for children.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- “An Elementary Handbook of Logic.” Rev. John Toohey, S. J. \$1.25.
 “Devotion to the Sacred Heart.” Rev. Joseph Petrovits, S. T. D. \$1.25.
 “Jesus in the Eucharist.” Rev. F. Girardey, C.S.S.R. \$1.
 “Her Irish Heritage.” Annie M. P. Smithson. \$1.35, net.
 “Religion and Human Interests.” Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. 75 cts.
 “Our Lord's Own Words.” Vol. II. Rt. Rev. Abbot Smith, O. S. B. \$1.25.
 “An Eight Days' Retreat.” Rev. H. Hurter, S. J. \$1.25.
 “A Soldier's Confidences with God.” Lieut. Giosuè Borsi. \$1.
 “A Spiritual Æneid.” R. A. Knox. \$2.50.

- “A Life of St. Francis Xavier.” M. T. Kelly. \$1.25.
 “Religious Professions, a Commentary on a Chapter of the New Code of Canon Law.” Rev. H. Papi, S. J. \$1.
 “Theory and Practice of Educational Gymnastics for Junior High Schools.” \$1.50.
 “The Great Thousand Years and Ten Years After.” Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D. \$1.50.
 “The Church at the Turning Points of History.” Godefroid Kurth. \$1.25.
 “Doctrinal Discourses.” Vol. I. Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. \$1.25.
 “The Soul of the Soldier.” Thomas Tiplady. \$1.25, net.
 “A Memoir of William A. Stanton, S. J.” William T. Kane, S. J. \$1.25.
 “The Secret of the Marne.” Marcel and Maude Berger. \$1.50.
 “Food Problems.” A. N. Farmer, J. R. Huntington. 27 cts.
 “Correspondence of John Henry Newman with John Keble and Others. 1839-1845.” Edited at the Birmingham Oratory. \$4, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Thomas Cusack, bishop of Albany; Very Rev. W. Wolf, of the diocese of Grand Island; Rev. James Kelly, diocese of Sioux City; and Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P.

Sister M. Juliette, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood; Sister M. Germaine, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Mother M. Celestine, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Charles Temple, Mr. George Hefner, Mr. Joseph Durkin, Mrs. Mary Keppel, Mr. Patrick McGuigan, Mrs. Peter Brill, Mr. James Van Anderson, Mrs. Emily Slattery, Mr. Robert Pallett, Miss Julia Cronin, Mr. Joseph Crabillac, Mr. John Clark, Mr. James A. Morrissey, Mr. James Hughes, Mr. F. P. Fay, Mr. Patrick Burke, Mr. Joseph Hartling, Mr. John Hartigan, Mr. H. P. Lenhardt, Mr. William Koch, Mr. Patrick Cranitch, Mr. Frank Kish, Mr. M. R. Bowles, Mr. Terence Lynan, Mr. Michael Lynan, Mr. A. H. Gilbert, and Mrs. Mary Jefferson.

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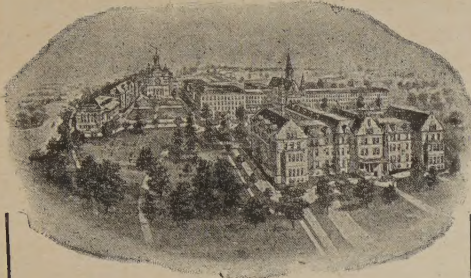
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